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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Soft, soft, ye rippling wave,
Nor move those pebbles here,
As I—A lone lone grave,
Ye do appear.

Go, cruel sea!—I'll look no more,
Thou' I have fondly linger'd o'er,
And stray'd along thy briny shore
Without a fear.

My Henry was kind and brave,
Yet no—he sleeps in these cold graves,
No more to see the tempest rave,
O Mary's tear.

But tho' he sleep amid the roar,
I hope, oh! blessed hope, to soar—
To meet—to love and part no more,
Nor sigh as here. X. V.

MEMORY.

While memory o'er the past so fondly flies,
And sings of pleasures that too soon have flown;
Last summer's joys will meet her raptur'd eyes,
A little tide to rest her wings upon.

She says—a stranger then to every eye,
I fancy'd happiness would still be mine,
And banish'd sorrow—bidding her go,
Her ranking thorns in some less favor'd clime.

I would not shelter her—the fond might rest
Alone, for me among the alpine snows,
Or sink disconsolate on ocean's breast—
But ne'er by her should my warm heart be froze.

I laugh'd at care—and fill'd bright pleasure's cup,
When smiling joys their richest chaplets fling;
So gladly I drank the portion up,
I had not time to feel the deadly sting.

I drank it—but the drops of woe were there—
'Twas mix'd with envy, malice, and the power
Of ill detraction—blasting prospects fair,
And dashing all our hopes in one short hour.

That time has pass'd—How bitter is the change
Since I first left the calm and sunny spot;
Gay childhood's dwelling, o'er life's waste to range,
And part with early friends, and be forgot.

Oh! there is misery in the very thought,
That we are severed from the friends we love;
But this affliction's stern decree has taught,
Hope to meet happy in the realms above.

Then though the path of life be deem'd for me,
May plant some thorn within a feeling breast,
I'll look for happiness—for I can see
Hope's finger pointing to a house of rest.

MARIA.

"O NAME IT NOT!"

O, name it not—the dream of love—
'Tis night-mare to the afflicted soul;
It ranks my kindlier feelings up—
It links my kindlier feelings up.

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When the woodlands are covered with leaves
And with flowers,
In the loveliest time of the year;
When the sky is now clear, and now chequered
With showers,
And life rambles through the warm sunny
hours,

Undim'd with a shade or a tear:
O! sweet are the feelings, that kindle and
burn,
As we gaze on the flowers and the sky;
But to higher and purer devotion they turn,
As water takes tint from the hue of its urn,
When they burn in the light of thine eye.

And when, in the calm of a moonlight night,
A serenade steals o'er the bay;
As it curls in the smile of her mellow light,
Or lies in its beauty, as silent and bright,
As it slept in the sunshine of day—
O! sweet is the clear and the silvery tone,
As it softly comes over my ear;

But sweet as it breathes, when I hear it alone,
It breathes like a flute by a wind-spirit blown,
When I know, thou art listening near.

O! the music and beauty of life lose their
worth,
When the heart only joys in their smile;
But the union of hearts gives that pleasure its
earthly,
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of
earth,

Like the sun on his own chosen isle;
It gives to the fire-side of winter the light,
The glow and the glitter of Spring—
O! sweet are the hours, when two fond hearts
unite,

And softly they glide, in their innocent flight,
Away on the motionless wing.

THE MORALIST.

FROM CHALMER'S SERMONS.

And what is this world in the immensity
which it teems with—and what are they
who occupy it? The universe at large would
suffer as little, in its splendor and variety,
by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure
and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer
by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers
on the branch which supports it. It lies at the
mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of
wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on
the stream of water which passes underneath.

In a moment of time the leaf, which we know,
by the microscope, is filled with, is extin-
guished; and an occurrence so insignificant
in the eye of man, and in the scale of his ob-
servations, carries in it, to the myriads which
people this little leaf, an event as terrible and
as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now,
on the grand scale of the universe, are the
occupiers of this ball, which performs its little
round among the suns and the systems that
astronomers have unfolded—we may feel the
same littleness, and the same insecurity. We
differ from the leaf only in this circumstance,
that it would require the operation of greater
elements to destroy us. But these elements
exist. The fire which rages within may lift
its devouring energy to the surface of our
planet, and transform it into one wide and
wasting volcano. The sudden formation of
elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and
it lies within the agency of known substances
to accomplish this—may explode it into frag-
ments. The exhalation of noxious air from
below, may impart a virulence to the air that
is around us; it may affect the delicate pro-
portion of its ingredients; and the whole of
animate nature may wither and die under the
malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing
comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit,
and realize all the terrors which superstition
has conceived of. We cannot anticipate
with precision the consequences of an event
which every astronomer must know to lie
within the limits of probability. It may hur-
ry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the
outer regions of the planetary system—or
give it a new axis of revolutions and the
effect, which I shall simply announce, with-
out explaining it, would be to change the
place of the ocean, and bring another mighty
flood upon our islands and continents. These
are changes which may happen in a single
instant of time, and against which nothing
known in the present system of things pro-
vides us with any security. They might not
annihilate the earth, but they would unpeop-
le it; and we who tread its surface with such
firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy
of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon
us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread
solitude, and silence, and death, over the
dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity
which makes the protection of the Almighty
so dear to us, and brings with such emphasis,
to every bosom, the holy lessons of humility
and gratitude. The God who sitteth above,
and presides in high authority over all worlds,
is mindful of man; and, though at this moment
his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of
creation, we may feel the same security in his
providence, as if we were the objects of his
undivided care. It is not for us to bring our
minds up to this mysterious agency. But,
such is the incomprehensible fact, that the
same Being, whose eye is abroad over the
whole universe, gives vegetation to every
blade of grass, and motion to every particle
of blood which circulates through the veins of
the minutest animal; that, though his mind
takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity
and all its wonders, I am as much known to
him as if I were the single object of his atten-
tion; that he marks all my thoughts; that he
gives birth every feeling and every movement
within me; and that, with an exercise of
power which I can neither describe nor com-
prehend, the same God who sits in the highest
heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firm-
ament, is at my right hand, to give me every
breath which I draw, and every comfort which
I enjoy.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

Are beautiful forms, and for their own in-
trinsic worth unquestionably entitled to all
possible love and veneration. But little ac-
quainted with the human heart are they, who
would build the morals of mankind on this
single basis. Decency of character, dignity
of conduct, the honors due to temperance,
and other qualities of that order, are ideas as solid
as they are refined, and which ought certainly
to be cherished by all who are capable of com-
prehending them for a moment. To offer to de-
preciate them is vile, and not more repugnant
to reason than to scripture, where the beau-
ties of holiness are expressly named, and
"whatsoever things are venerable, lovely, and
of good report," are, as mentioned in a former
discourse, recommended in so many words.

But, yet, on the other hand, considering the
passions, disorders, and debility of beings,
situated as we are; to trust the cause of
righteousness and truth to the sole strength

of such arguments—what is it, but hazarding
the most valuable interests in the world on a
bottom utterly unequal to so precious a freight?

Nothing can be more suitable for youth,
than the admonition of Paul the aged, to Ti-
tus his son, in the gospel.—Sobriety is pleas-
ant in all, but it is beautiful in youth. It is a
virtue which the present state strongly incul-
cates.—The uncertainty of life should check
presumption; and the multiplicity of dangers
should teach perpetual caution. To moder-
ate desire, and govern passion is peculiarly
important in the commencement of our jour-
ney through life. Age and experience is daily
enforcing the admonition, while the heedless-
ness of youth is bustling wholesome restraint.
The views and feelings of youth are adverse
to sobriety. They are easily flattered by the
alluring scenes of gaiety, of pleasure, and
vanity.—Hence spreads her ample field of
enjoyment before them; the buds of spring are
putting forth their blossoms on every side;
and keen desire impels us to every bold
venture, and to every bold venture.

Hence the propriety of exhorting young men
to be sober.—The history of Joseph is full of
instruction, and speaks volumes. Lovely
youth! and he was the joy of his father, and
the preceptor of the world. Sobriety was his
ornament and safety. How soberly did he
think; how justly did he reason; how wisely
did he conduct. I once knew a young man
who went to live in a family of worldly re-
spectability, where there was no one who pro-
fessed piety. His cheerful sobriety was soon
noticed by his employer, and admired by
all his family. He was soon entrusted with
the most important concerns of his master.

"I seem to be prospering in everything,"
said he, "since A. has lived with me." A. made
no secret of his religion, he enjoyed it at heart,
it flowed from his tongue, it shone in his life.
When the duties of the day were over, he
often read the bible to the family, and they
knew he retired for prayer. "And why,"
said Mr. C. "may we not be prayer in the
family, would it not be agreeable to you to
pray with us, as we used to do?" "If it is
your pleasure, I shall be happy in performing
the duty," said A. "How affecting was the
sight," said Mr. C. "to see my family kneeling
for prayer! God has made this young man
a blessing to me, in my temporal and spiritual
interests."

SIMON BOLIVAR.

This celebrated defender of South Amer-
ican independence was born at Caracas, in
1783, and is of a noble and extremely rich
family. He was sent at an early period to
Spain to be educated, and when he had com-
pleted his studies, he went to Paris, where
he was much noticed for his talent and learn-
ing, in all the best societies of the capital.
In Paris he was a constant attendant on all
public lectures. He contracted an intimacy
with Humboldt and Bonpland, travelled with
them for some time, and successfully visited
England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part
of Germany, to make himself acquainted with
their customs and the character of man. Re-
turning to Venezuela, he was appointed a
Colonel in the service of the newly established
republic, and was sent to London on an im-
portant mission, the expense of which he
himself defrayed. When Bolivar came back,
Miranda gave him the command at Puerto
Cabello, but the Spanish prisoners having
risen and seized the fort, Bolivar was obliged
to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to
Caracas.

After Miranda had capitulated with Monte-
verde, and resistance seemed to be at an end
in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Caracas,
where he formed a connexion with Brion, by
which he procured maritime co-operation.—
He then offered his services to the Congress
of New Grenada, and they were accepted.—
Finding that the Venezuelans were disposed
more to throw off the Spanish yoke, he ob-
tained from Congress a body of six hundred
men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated
across the Andes, into Venezuela, and after
several sanguinary actions, expelled the Span-
ish from the country, and he was proclaimed
provisional president of the new republic.

He then proceeded to the ports of La Guira
and Porto Cabello, in the latter of which
Monteverde defended himself with the most
obstinate determination. It was in this cam-
paign that the guerra a muerte, or extermina-
tion war began, in consequence of the Span-
iards having put to death some of their pri-
soners.

The Spanish domination would now
have been annihilated, had not Monteverde
contrived to arm the slaves, and thus to spread
infection over the whole extent of the
country. Boves, Puy, P. Lemo, and others,
were at the head of these auxiliaries to the
Spaniards. The whole country was ravaged
with fire and sword—Bolivar, who had been
declared dictator of Venezuela, now marched
against these enemies, overthrew them in
some encounters, and would probably have
destroyed them had he not divided his army,
who defeated him in a decisive engagement.

The consequence was, distrust and disunion
among the republicans, and the complete tri-
umph of the Royalists, who showed no mer-
cy to their antagonists. Bolivar again retired
to New Grenada, and served two years under
the banners of the Congress.

When the Spanish troops, under Morillo,
reached the South American coast, in 1815,
Bolivar threw himself into Cartagena, which
he defended for a long time, till resistance
became hopeless. He then made his way
with part of his army through the bays, and
retired to St. Domingo. Cartagena
surrendered to the Spaniards in December,
1815, and by the 16th, Morillo had reduced
not only the Caracas, but also New Gren-
ada, the capital of the latter province having
fallen into his hands.

The spirit of resistance, however, was not
destroyed. Arismendi drove the Spaniards
from the Island of Margarita, and Bolivar
arrived there with his forces, which he had re-
cruited at Auxacay, and was soon joined by
Brion. After some attempts on the coasts of
Barranca and New Grenada, Bolivar and Bri-
on ascended the Orinoco, and made them-
selves masters of Angaita, the capital of
Spanish Guayana. There Bolivar increased
his strength by means of volunteers from
Europe, and prepared to commence another
struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended
the river Apure, and penetrated into Carra-
cas, as far as Calabozo, but after several hard
fought battles, he was worsted in a contest
near Orin, and compelled to return to An-
gaita.

Undismayed by these reverses, Bolivar
changed his plan, and resolved to begin the
conquest of New Grenada; an operation
which was likely to succeed, as the enemy
did not expect to be attacked in that quarter.
Accordingly, embarking the whole of his
forces, he ascended the Orinoco and the
Meta, by a difficult and dangerous navigation,

He thus penetrated into New Grenada, and
made himself master of Santa Fe, the capital,
in August, 1819. This blow was decisive.—
He was joined by numbers, and had the re-
sources of an extensive country at his com-
mand. Morillo in vain endeavored to stop
his progress. The country under his authori-
ty was gradually wrested from him by suc-
cessive defeats and defections, and towards the
close of 1820, he concluded an armistice with
Bolivar, in order to afford time to negotiate a
treaty between the South Americans and the
government of Spain. That armistice still
subsists; and it is probable that the indepen-
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years, the valor and perseverance of Bolivar
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home," a place from which, however, they are not anxious to be distant, that a quarrel is instituted with every coachman who does not convey them from it at full speed. Sterne has said that he "did not travel to see Englishmen"—how few of our citizens appear to join with him in principle; for many of them, no company appears to have charms but such as has received the city stamp—they may dwell in the country, but they form no acquaintances. "God made the country, but man made the town," and they seem proud of the fanciful distinction—to stay in a place and not to put ourselves in the way of knowing our neighbors, certainly does not betoken an overflow of good feeling. By adopting the reverse of this behaviour, and using the conciliating manners always dictated by true politeness, a very different picture is presented; instead of living in haughty reserve, quitting the place desponding and despising, leaving behind an impression totally unfavourable to the citizen, and taking one to town quite as much so to the country, we should by a social intercourse provide amusement, and often instruction, for the mind—we should enjoy the pleasures of hospitality, and form friends warm and true—thus, where before all were at least indifferent to us, we might now be perfectly at home. For my part, when I travel, I love to be chatting and familiar with every one I meet; yet heaven forbid that I should be troublesome—and although this possibly might happen, still a moment's intercourse, a glance of the eye can always put one right—and from a little experience, I think I am correct in my plan, for there is always some information or amusement to be picked up; and when this is to be had by the mere display of friendly manners, which, on all occasions, become a man more than any other, I think he is unwise who shields himself by reserve. When a man travels possessed with an idea of his own consequence, I cannot help noting him down for a fool. I remember once in Jersey, I met an acquaintance from the city, who had been but one day in the state; though I had but a slight knowledge of him, he kept me half an hour recounting his history of the day's ride—he had quarrelled once or twice, and had quizzed several of those he called the "natives," according to his own account, in a remarkably witty style; and wound up with a strong philippic against Jersey and every thing in it; when he had finished, he was much surprised that I should dissent from his invectives, which I did, with a few remarks, for I found he was inflated with self consequence, and was, I believe, a specimen of what young city travellers too often are. Though I consider my intellectual powers as very little inferior to my "friends," I was forced to acknowledge that during my stay in New Jersey, I had not met a man whom I thought myself capable of "quizzing," and as to quarrelling, I was unable to do so, where I had found none but friends, which I own ever has been, and I hope ever will be the case, when crossing the Delaware, I shall form one of a friendly circle, whether it be at the "Hospitable Farm House," "Retreat," "Union Hall," or any where else.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Absent Correspondents of the Post.
Where, where, are they, whose harps have oft
Awoke the throbs of joy and grief;
Whose songs could soothe the weeping heart,
And bid its sorrowing sighs be brief.
Still must I mourn the broken ties,
Which late could charm with magic power;
When Ida loved her native home,
And smelt of friendship's rose-leaved hour;
Ere Francis leaved the wish to stray,
The transient wish which leads me start,
When sighing o'er the ties with which
I would have bound him to my heart.
Ere ye by hand-on's beauteous wave,
Would seek bright pleasure's peaceful spot,
And leave us but the gentle names,
Dear names, which Time can never blot.
Ere Edgar sought yon western skies,
And pensive Ellen—child of grief,
Would seek amid rural scenes a balm,
To yield her wounded heart relief.
Ere Cyrus found beneath the wave,
The sea green wave, a place of rest,
And laid—oh he had prayed to lay—
His cares upon his Saviour's breast.
Ere these sad changes—scarce yet past,
How flow'd life's gently gliding stream;
And when a few short months are flown,
How like the past this hour may seem.
July 26, 1825. ICIL.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND.
Extract of a letter from one of the proprietors of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser dated London, May 18th, 1825.
Liverpool is a beautiful town. The docks are wonderful indeed, particularly the new dock. The approach to Liverpool is hazardous in the extreme. They want the bay of New-York. The exchange in this town surpasses that of any in Europe. What astonished me most was the immense size of the cart horses, their ears, and the loads they draw. The cart itself, I think, weighs more than a New-York cart, horse, load of sugar and the cartman in the bargain; and on one of these ponderous vehicles I counted twenty-six bales of cotton, drawn by two horses with great ease. The people look very much like New-Yorkers, and are quite sociable. Their living is twice the price of living in New-York, and what I hate above all things is, after having paid the landlord double fare, one is obliged to pay the servants—for transient persons the rate is nine-pence a day for the head waiter, six-pence a day for the chamber maid, and three pence a day for boots as he is termed. Then comes the coachman—the fare outside from Liverpool to Birmingham is one pound two—then comes the guard, he must have his shilling for such a distance, and the coachman must have his—if the guards or coachmen are changed, you must pay the new ones. Servants pay their masters large sums of money, in some cases, to wait upon gentlemen in the public houses, and they must be remunerated by passengers. Coachmen, and all indeed live not from wages, but from gratuitous presents, and one is bound to comply with their custom.
Oxford is a beautiful city. The colleges, some of which were built in the thirteenth century, have rather an old look—somewhat worked and furrowed—but Gothic and magnificent in the highest degree. Indeed, as the colleges are scattered all over the city, it seems as though there were no other build-

ings there—between 4 and 5000 students at present, are at this ancient place of learning. Nothing pleased me better than a visit to the house in which Shakespeare was born, in Stratford upon Avon. The coachman gave us half an hour for dinner at this town, and although quite hungry, I postponed the dinner to pay a visit to the birth-place of the celebrated poet. The house is on the main street, the lower part occupied as a butcher's shop. It is a miserable looking place, very narrow and low, and rough enough for a stable. The room in which Shakespeare was born, is about 14 or 15 feet square, low ceiling, and built as though it was intended the horses should last forever, as most of the English houses are built.
I found the walls, sides, and over head, written so full of names, that it was quite difficult to find a space sufficiently large to put down mine. On passing through the butcher's shop (he occupies the first story) I looked sharply at his wares, for there seemed to be music in the very bones of the joints. For ten miles before you get to Birmingham, the coal smoke suffocates one. I have often heard of their inventions for consuming their own smoke in England—they must mean by the inhabitants, for each one appeared to me as though he had been assisting in the consumption.
I am delighted with the appearance of the country. All England is like a flower garden—indeed it is so highly cultivated, and so beautiful, that one gets almost fatigued with seeing such a continued sameness of beautiful fields and hedge fences. Above all, nothing can compare with the neatness of the English cottages. They look so neat, and are enlivened in their appearance by such a profusion of flowers, which are to be seen in every window, as well as in their gardens—and then, too, the smiling and healthy countenances of the cottagers and their families, with cheeks as red as roses, and eyes as bright as new emeralds—there is little time for any thing but admiration at such scenes as these. England was never so prosperous as at the present moment, and the most perfect good will, and most friendly feeling exists towards America. The people speak of our country with admiration, and so far I have found them agreeable and sociable to such a degree, that a bluish is constantly put upon American manners.
I was not very much surprised at any thing I had seen until I reached London. I entered this world of a metropolis at Hyde Park corner, the fashionable and west end of the town. To describe to you my feelings I cannot. It was at the moment all the fashionable and nobles and gentry were in motion. It appeared to me that what I saw was magic—that the whole world had met in a single street—thousands of carriages, with servants in splendid gold and silver livery, elegantly dressed with white coats, red plush breeches, buckles in their shoes, cocked hats faced with gold and silver, two servants behind a carriage, with staffs in their hands—then the beautiful horses and the glittering harnesses—these carriages were coming from the various streets towards the main street, and all to these thousand vehicles of different descriptions, men on horseback, and the great mass of foot passengers—my conscience what I did expect but that every moment a tremendous rush would be made, and horses, carriages and people all be dashed to atoms—yet they passed each other like magic, without apparently a touch, although the space through which a carriage would pass, or a heavy wagon with six horses tandem, appeared to be not half large enough for a wheelbarrow.

THE EPISTLE
From the Yearly Meeting held in London, by adjournments, from the 18th of the Fifth Month, to the 26th of the same, inclusive, 1825.

To the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends, in Great Britain, Ireland, or elsewhere.

Dear Friends,
We have sensibly felt the loss of some of our dear and honoured friends, whose labors in the work of the Lord have in former years been blessed to this meeting; and who have long been examples to the flock by the humility and piety of their lives. But through the mercy of the Most High, we have been strengthened in the humbling persuasion that, in his unfailing goodness, he is still continuing to bless us, and that he has condescended to be near us in this our annual assembly. In the fellowship of the Gospel, we therefore again salute you, our endeared brethren and sisters, wherever situated; desiring that amongst you, and in all the families of the earth, the love of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, may increase and abound exceedingly.
May our elder brethren and sisters, who have passed and are passing through many tribulations and conflicts, continue to trust in the Lord; in the full belief that as they persevere unto the end, exercises for the salvation of their own souls, and for the mediation of the church, will through the glorious work of our Redeemer, be rewarded with a glorious immortality. And we exhort those who are in the meridian of life, whose time and talents ought to be devoted to the service of the Truth, to exercise a sound judgment in the fear of the Lord, and to be firm and steadfast in their respective allotments. And as we have rejoiced in the belief that many in early life have yielded to the visitations of heavenly love, we do very tenderly exhort those to hold fast that which they have attained; to wait before the Lord in reverence and humility for further preparation for usefulness in his service, and with meekness and diffidence, yet with zeal and fidelity, to pursue the path of obedience. And O! that we may all be manifesting our attachment to the genuine, unchangeable principles of the Gospel. An adherence to its doctrines has been the support of our predecessors—both of those who were the instruments in gathering us to be a distinct religious society, and of their faithful successors down to the present time. The principles emanate from the redemption which comes by Jesus Christ who ever liveth as our intercessor with the Father, and in the immediate teachings of the Holy Spirit.
It is indeed the great duty of every one who professes the name of Christ rightly to estimate these highly important truths. It ought to be his frequent concern, by watchfulness unto prayer, (a duty often enjoined, but which cannot be too deeply impressed,) to imitate the example of our blessed Saviour, to obey his sacred precepts. If this concern, he will be anxious by a daily examination to ascertain, whether by a daily course of self-denial, he is evincing his sense of the marvellous love displayed by the coming in the flesh, and as a sacrifice for sin, of the Son of God, who is "the light of the world." (John viii. 12.)
We are persuaded, beloved friends, that if these solemn subjects have their due place in the mind, you will become fearfullest the love of the world should dispossess you of the love of God. In this day of comparative outward ease, and of exemption from great suffering, in the support of our views of the pure and spiritual nature of the gospel, it especially behoves us to be on our guard that we do not gradually draw aside from the simplicity of the Truth as it is in Jesus. It is upon this principle of simplicity that our testimony to the plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel, rests. And believing as we do, that nothing ought to be esteemed little that forms a part of our Christian duty, we would exhort all our members to an entire consistency on these points. But we would remind you, dear friends, that this simplicity includes some-

thing more; and that it is also incumbent upon us to consider whether we are not in danger of following the vain fashions of the world in the decorations of our houses; and whether, whilst given to hospitality, we are sufficiently careful to observe due moderation in our manner of living.
At a period when the Christian religion is advocated, and its inestimable blessings are made known, to an extent exceeding that in any former age of the world, it becomes a people who so openly profess a belief in the immediate guidance of the spirit of Truth, to be peculiarly watchful and circumspect in their whole lives and conversation, and to keep themselves loose from the enticing snares of the world. They will then further see the importance of guarding, on one hand, against the adoption of opinions which would weaken their faith in the safe guidance of this heavenly Instructor, whilst, on the other, a humbling conviction of the inestimable value of this unmerited gift of God will lead them to speak with reverent caution of its teachings, and to fear lest they should ascribe the workings of their own imagination to the revelation of the Most High.
The consistent Christian will make no compromise of his principles. When persecution does not await him, it will be his earnest prayer that, whilst he thankfully enjoys the temporal blessings dispensed by the all-bounteous Giver, he may not so fix his heart upon these fading treasures, as to be unprepared, should the day of trouble overtake him, to stand with uprightness, and to adorn his profession by patiently enduring affliction. Whilst, upon a well grounded conviction, he is satisfied that he ought to be aiming at a perfect standard, he will be solicitous that no part of his demeanor, that none of his transactions among men, may tend to diminish the excellence of that standard in the view of those with whom he associates.
He that is concerned to support the character of a follower of Christ, and who amongst us would disclaim this character? ought to be earnest in his endeavour that secessions of wealth do not in any way disqualify him for the discharge of every duty. Those who, whilst honestly and diligently endeavouring to provide for their families, have to encounter many difficulties, have a strong claim on the sympathy of their friends, yet they need not fear, as they continue to place their whole trust in the Most High, that he will care for them in such a way as he sees meet. But if any, whether of the more affluent, or of those who cannot be ranked in the class, are deviating from safe and regular methods of business, if they are carried away by uncertain and hazardous, though plausible schemes for getting rich, if they yield to a desire rapidly to enlarge their possessions—such are in imminent danger. They cannot justly expect the blessing of the Most High on such pursuits; their spiritual eye becomes dim; and they do not perceive with clearness that light which would enable them to perfect labors in the fear of God. And we believe that if there were a due attention to this light, there would be a larger proportion of our members qualified to fill the stations of Elders and Overseers amongst us. When the duties of these offices are faithfully discharged, it greatly tends to the edification of the body in love. How beautiful and how safe would be our condition, if we were all endeavouring, each in his proper allotment, to walk in humility and devotedness of heart before the Lord!
The practice of frequent retirement in spirit greatly assists us on our way to the kingdom of heaven. In an impartial review of the conduct that takes place, and the sincere and secret petition is raised for Almighty help, we are led from an undue attachment to the things of this life, and our hopes and dependence are increasingly placed upon our Holy Redeemer. The sacred truths of the Bible are often at such times brought to remembrance with consolation and strength. It is one among the many evidences of the divine authority of Holy Scripture, that, in the various ages of the Christian church, its valuable contents have produced in its believers, if in humility, and in reliance upon the spirit which gives them forth, we are diligent in reading these sacred writings, we become increasingly sensible of their value, we are then prepared, from our own experience, to say that they are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, we readily subscribe to the truth of the position; that in order to the accomplishment of this great end they need no human comment; and we are anxious that our fellow-men, in every region of the globe, may possess and may be able to read the volume of inspiration.
As it is the natural effect of obedience to the love of Christ revealed in the heart, to enlarge our love to others, the more we are brought under the influence of this principle, the more we shall be prepared to employ a portion of our time and our strength, in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of mankind. We therefore desire that a disposition for active benevolence may be cherished in every heart; each being concerned to know for himself, in what way, consistently with his private and social duties, he may employ his talents for the good of others, and steadily to persevere in what he may have rightly undertaken; with a confidence to the divine blessings—not simply as acting the part of a wise and faithful servant who must give an account to his Lord at his coming.
No subject of this description has more interested our feelings, from year to year, than the continuance of the Slave trade and the degraded condition of those who are kept in bondage. In the course of our present deliberations, the cruelties of this horrid system of injustice have afresh called forth our deep commiseration, and we earnestly desire, notwithstanding the slow progress of our feelings in this great cause, that no discouragement may prevail, but rather that all may be incited to labor with greater zeal for the utter abolition of the Slave trade and of Slavery.
The importance of rightly training the youthful mind in very early life, has again claimed our serious attention, and we cannot better convey our present concern than by reviving the following pertinent counsel: "We tenderly, affectionately, yet earnestly, exhort such as are parents, or have the care of children, that they be very early and firm in endeavoring to habituate them to a due subjection of their will; that having maturely weighed the objections which they find necessary to impose, they suffer them not to be disregarded and disobeyed. The habit of obedience, which may thus be induced, will render the relation of parent and child additionally endearing; and as it will prepare the infant mind for a more ready reception of the necessary restraints of the cross, it may be considered, in part, as preparing the way of the Lord; whilst those who neglect to bend the tender minds of their children to parental authority, and connive at their early tendency to lawless gratifications, are, more or less, making way for the enemy and destroyer."
In connexion with the usual proceedings of this Meeting, it has been reported that the sufferings of our members, including the charges of restraint, have amounted to upwards of twelve thousand nine hundred pounds. With a very few exceptions, they have been incurred in support of our Chris-

tian testimony against illies and other ecclesiastical claims. We have received Epistles from all the American Yearly Meetings, and one from Ireland, and can again observe that this mode of intercourse strengthens the bond of fellowship with our beloved and distant brethren.
We may thankfully acknowledge, that after carefully reviewing the situation of our Society, we have no ground for increased discouragement in regard to the state of things amongst us. We have had abundant cause to speak well of the goodness and power of our Heavenly Father, whose banner over us has been love; and in conclusion, we desire reverently to commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."
Signed on behalf of the Meeting, by
JOSEPH FORSTER,
Clerk to the Meeting this Year.

DISTRESSING RECITAL.

A pamphlet just published, of about fifty pages, entitled "A Narrative of the shipwreck of the brig Betsey, of Wiscasset, and murder of five of the crew, by pirates, on the coast of Cuba, Dec. 1824," discloses scenes of horror and suffering that are almost incredible. The author is Daniel Collins, one of the only two survivors of the crew; and we are assured, by persons of respectability, that his relation is entitled to belief. It is well written; and as it is published for the benefit of an unfortunate seaman, it is hoped it will meet with a liberal sale. A short extract below, gives an account of the murder of the crew, and the sufferings of the survivors.
The seven pirates and four fishermen, as before, now proceeded with us towards the beach, until the water was about three feet deep, when they all got out, the two fishermen with each canoe, hauling us along, and the pirates walking by the side of us, one to each of our crew, torturing us all the way by drawing their knives across our throats, grasping the same, and pushing us back under the water which had been taken in by rocking the canoes. While some of us were in the most humiliating manner, beseeching of them to spare our lives, and others, with uplifted eyes, were again supplicating that Divine mercy which preserved them from the fury of the elements, they were singing and laughing, and occasionally telling us in broken English, that "Americans were very good best for their knives." Thus they proceeded with us nearly a mile from the vessel, which we were now losing sight of by doubling a point at the entrance of the cove before described; and within a few rods of its head, where we had before seen the human bones, the canoes were hauled abreast of each other, from 12 to 20 feet apart, preparatory to our execution.
The stillness of death was now around us—for the very flood-gates of feeling had been burst asunder, and exhausted grief at its fountain. It was a beautiful morning—not a cloud to obscure the rays of the sun—and the clear blue sky presented a scene too pure for deeds of darkness. But the lonely sheet of water, on which, side by side we lay, presented that hopeless prospect which is more ably described by another.
"No friend, no refuge near:
Ah, all is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is
Death."
We had scarcely passed the last passing look at each other, when the work of death commenced.
They seized Captain Hilt on by the hair—bent his head and shoulders over the gunwale, and I could distinctly hear them chopping the bone of his neck. They then wrung his neck, separated the head from the body by a slight draw of the sword, and let it drop into the water—there was a dying shriek—a convulsive struggle—and all I could discern was the arm dangling over the side of the canoe, which suggested stamp pouring out the blood like a torrent.
There was an imploring look in the innocent and youthful face of Mr. Merry, that would have appealed to the heart of any one but a pirate. As he arose on his knees, in the posture of a penitent, supplicating for mercy, even on the verge of eternity—he was prostrated with the blow of the cutlass, his bowels gushed out of the wound. They then pierced him through the breast in several places with a long knife, and cut his throat from ear to ear.
The Captain's dog, repulsed in his repeated attempts to rescue his master, sat whining beside his lifeless body, looking up to these blood hounds in human shape, as if to tell them, that even brutal cruelty would be glutted with the blood of two innocent, unoffending victims.
Bridge and the Cook, they pierced through the breast, as they had Merry, in several places with their knives, and spilt their heads open with their cutlasses. Their dying groans scarcely ceased, and I was improving the moment of life that yet remained, when I heard the blow behind me—the blood and brains that fell all over my head and shoulders, warned me that poor Russel had shared the fate of the others; and as I turned my head to catch the eye of my executioner, I saw the head of Russel severed in two nearly his whole length, with a single blow of the cutlass, and even without the decency of removing his cap. At the sound of the blow, Manuel, who sat before me, leaped overboard, and four of the Pirates were in full chase after him. In what manner he loosed his hands, I am unable to say—his escape, I shall hereafter explain. My eyes were fixed on my supposed executioner, watching the progress of my death—he was on my right and partly behind me—my head, which was covered with a firm tarpaulin hat, was turned in a direction, that brought my shoulders forward, and the canoe—the blow came—it divided the top of my hat, struck my head so severely, as to stun me, and glanced off my left shoulder, taking the skin and some flesh in its way, and divided my pinion cord on the arm. I was so severely stunned that I did not leap from the canoe, but pitched over the left side, and was just rising from the water, not my length from her, as a Pirate threw his knife which struck me, but as I turned my head to look at the Pirates, I was struck through the water, expecting a blow from behind at every step.
The shrieks of the dying had ceased—the scene of horrid butchery in the canoe was now over—Manuel and I were in the water about knee deep—two of the Pirates after me, and all the rest, with the fishermen, except one Pirate, after Manuel. We ran in different directions.
DEATH BY DRINKING COLD WATER.
The number of deaths in this city, last week, imputed to a too free use of cold water, are exceedingly melancholy. We are fully persuaded that something more than cold water, however, has an agency in these sudden, and often fatal affections of the sanguineous system. So far as our own observations have extended, laboring people are the most liable to injuries from drinking cold water, when the atmospheric temperature is very high, and the majority of those who have died, have been either grossly intemperate, or were strongly inclined to it. There is a mistaken notion prevailing the laboring part of the community, that if the weather is excessively warm, it is necessary to take the more spirits. Nothing can be more erroneous, nor any practice more pernicious. The less spirits a man drinks, the better it is for him under all cir-

cumstances. A constant use of liquors, of a stimulating nature, deranges, by a slow, but certain train of operations, all the animal functions, and places the nervous and circulating system in that peculiar condition, that any extraordinary excitement has a constant tendency to explode the powers of life in an instant. Such, we believe, was the state of those who have been the victims of this immoderate use of cold water. They have carried on the excitement by a steady, and habitual course of tipping, till a sudden change in the secretory organs, by a draught of water, several degrees below the temperature of their own bodies, produces an instantaneous spasm, or induces the most aggravated spasms in the stomach and bowels, which quickly terminates the life of the unhappy victim.
Those physicians who have had the most experience with these cases, if called in seasonably, have found that free blood-letting, and emetics which operate quickly and powerfully, are the most certain means of overcoming the apoplectic symptoms, and restoring the natural heat of the body. Oftentimes, however, the patient falls down and breathes his last before any one is aware of his being indisposed, and the retroactive process follows, with as much rapidity as in those who have been struck with lightning; which shows most conclusively, that the vis inertia of the muscular fibre is annihilated, and all hope, therefore, of recalling the nervous power, is forever lost.
Such are the often fatal results of indulging in intemperance, which exposes the individual to instantaneous death, by simply quenching his thirst with that pure, invigorating element—water, which the God of nature has so abundantly supplied for his necessities and use.
N. B. Since writing the foregoing article, on Tuesday last, we have not only had opportunities of witnessing the effect of drinking cold water when the body was overheated, but have taken pains to consult our professional neighbors on the mode of treatment which has, with them, been found the most successful; and we are happy to find that their opinion in relation to copious bleeding, corresponds precisely with our own. The labor of the physicians on Wednesday, and some part of Thursday, is almost incredible. One physician reports fifty-four cases which came under his care, in the course of those two days, and many others were quite as much overwhelmed with business. As the disorder seemed exclusively confined to that particular class of citizens before mentioned, many of whom were Irish emigrants, and who were without the means of paying for medical services, we believe there has not been an instance where any compensation has been demanded. Antimonial wine has been thought by some, the most preferable emetic, and this could always be determined by the ranking pains in the stomach and bowels.—W.D. L.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

Henry Pratt, Esq. has raised *Mecha Coffee* at his elegant country seat, Lemon Hill—near the upper ferry, Schuylkill.
A new post-office has been established at the Rising Sun, Philadelphia county, three miles from this city, on the Germantown road. Jacob Hilger has been appointed Postmaster. The swallows which inhabit the large ship at the Navy Yard, Southwark, were last week, dropping down dead among the workmen below. This curious and uncommon incident, induced one of the Officers to ascertain the temperature by means of a Thermometer. In the commandant's Office, 98 degrees.—In the ship house near the roof 106 degrees.
On Monday, Gen. La Fayette made a short visit to Wilmington. He dined with the family of a friend; after which he visited several of his acquaintances, and departed for the seat of Mr. Dupont, on the Brandywine.
One man and two women were on Monday committed to jail, to take their trial on the first Monday in September next, for passing counterfeit bills on the *Camden Bank*, of the denomination of five dollars. Caution will be necessary in receiving notes of this description.
The Managers of the Schuylkill Navigation Company inform us, that the repairs of the locks at Reading were completed on the 20th instant—and seventeen boats passed through on their way to Mount Carbon. The navigation is open from Philadelphia to the Coal Mines.
The *Ex-press Iturbide*, with several sons, are established, as settled inhabitants, in Philadelphia. She visited New-York, last week, with a view to her location there; but finding many reasons to prefer this city, is now about fixing herself here.
There has been lately a great fire in the city of Hudson, in New-York, which consumed about thirty buildings in the heart of the city, a very small part of which property was insured.
The ship George Long, Captain Tullock, sailed from Portsmouth, N. H. on the 14th instant, for Buenos Ayres, and returned about 11 o'clock the same evening, on account of rigging of her crew being in a state of decay. On her arrival in the harbor, she was taken in charge by Capt. Whiting, commander of Fort Constitution. The next day the mutineers were committed to prison.
This County, says the *Butler Repository*, has not been so severely visited with sickness as it is at the present time; the number of sudden deaths within the last two weeks are without a parallel in our county.
The Savannah Board of Health, under date of 13th instant, congratulate their fellow citizens upon the continued prevalence of good health. There was only one death during the week ending the 13th instant.
A bill is about to pass the City Councils of Charleston, (S. C.) to reduce the salary of the City Recorder, from its present amount down to three thousand five hundred dollars, after the vacation of the office by the present incumbent.
By calculation and estimate, General LA FAYETTE, when he returns to France, will have travelled, from the time he left his native soil for this country last summer, to the day of his return, between sixteen and eighteen thousand miles! He has not had a day's sickness in the whole period.
The Dysentery is still spreading in the upper part of Cecil county, Md. Whole families have been confined with it, and in many cases it has proved mortal. In some families 3 and 4 have died within a few days of each other; and it is not uncommon in some of the burying grounds to witness 4 or 5 funerals in a day.
The Ohio Commissioners have unanimously decided on carrying the state Canal along the Western or Chillicothe side of the Scioto river.
Richard Rush, Esq. Secretary of the Treasury, arrived at Washington on Saturday, for the purpose of entering upon the duties of his office.
Mr. Clay, Secretary of State, is expected at Washington in a very short time.
The Alexandria Phoenix Gazette, states that at the sale of a share of stock in the Dismal Swamp Land Company, it was knocked off to Judge Washington at 12,100 dollars. Several gentlemen from the South were present and bid. The share belonged to the late General George Washington, and originally cost \$300 or \$400.
The Hon. Daniel Webster and Judge Story of Massachusetts, passed through Buffalo, N. Y. on the 12th inst.
The Bishop of Havana (says the *Louisville Advertiser*) has effected his escape from arrest, and has fled to New Orleans, whence he purposes to come to Mexico. The interest

which the public in Havana took in this respectable prelate, victim of the atrocious Ferdinand, may doubtless be aided in facilitating his escape.
We learn from Washington, that when acquitted or convicted, Commodore Perry will leave the service at the close of the year. It is further whispered, that he has an offer of an Admiralty in the Mexican Navy, which is supposed, he will accept.
The *Proverb Book* of King Charles the First, containing his name in his one autograph, one hundred and thirty times, was lately sold by the auctioneer at the same house used by the auctioneer at the place of his execution.
A letter from Milledgeville, Geo., to the editor of the Savannah Republic, states as a probability that Gov. Truitt will be elected by a majority of five thousand votes.
Samuel H. Halsey, a worthy citizen of Tolls Point, Baltimore, was struck and killed on Saturday during the violence of the storm, and instantly expired.
In Boston, it has been decided the Corporation may now fight to authorize a religious society to place a chain across a public street.
An attempt has been made but failed, to induce the Pennsylvania Indians, at Old Fort Me to establish a school. Hopes are entertained that the Indians may be induced to consider this determination.
The township of Frampton, 10 leagues from Quebec, has lately been visited by a great many bears, which have destroyed some of the cattle, and considerably lacerated others.
The *Pittsburg Gazette* of July 15 says, "The harvest is nearly over, and a more abundant crop, than a former or more safely ground in, has not been known in Western Pennsylvania. The crops of Indian corn, oats, potatoes, &c. promise to be equally productive."
During the night of the 12th inst. the house of Mr. Israel Allen, of Otis, (Mass.) was destroyed by lightning, which caused it to take fire. The daughter of Mr. A. with great presence of mind, put the fire out; but melancholy to relate, she found that the bolt had struck her mother's bed, and considerably injured her father. He is, however, out of danger.
A writer in the Vermont Journal complains earnestly of the right and expediency of the State's making the Canal from Lake Champlain to Connecticut River, on its own account, and not allowing it to be done by a Company.
The quantity of cotton received at New Orleans the present season to June 24, was 24,705 bales, being about 60,000 bales more than last season. All that remained on hand, not shipped, at the above date, was 12,500 bales.
A route for a canal from Syracuse, N. Y. to the Susquehanna, has been surveyed and found sufficient water to supply the summit level, which is estimated to be near 7000 feet higher than the Onondaga Lake. Several plans for a canal to connect the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Alleghany, are to be immediately explored.
For the purpose of facilitating and promoting the internal trade between Missouri and Mexico, the government has in contemplation to establish a military post at the place where the caravans usually cross the Arkansas river.
Doctor Ogden, a young man of talents, who had resided some time at Riviere de Orleans in Canada, and who was engaged to marry a young woman in the neighborhood, was found a corpse in his bed on the morning appointed for his wedding.
The *Saratoga Sentinel* of the 19th inst. says, "There are between eight and nine hundred strangers now at the springs, and the number is hourly augmenting."
A daughter of Mr. Frederick Lockwood of Greenwich, N. Y. about 7 years of age, on its way to school, in crossing a bridge, fell through a hole made by the accidental removal of a plank, and was not discovered until life had become extinct.
A letter from Key West of 27th ult. attributes the sickness prevailing at that island to the people being obliged to drink water from the ponds that are surrounded, more or less, by the Mangrove, a tree possessing a white milky substance, and of a deadly poison. Roots of these trees extend themselves through almost all these ponds.
Capt. Charles Morris, is appointed to the command of the new frigate *Brandywine*, which is to carry La Fayette to France.
Com. Stewart has arrived in Washington, preparatory to his trial, which is expected to follow that of Com. Porter. Another week, it is said, will be necessary to conclude the trial of the latter; in that case, the former will not be brought to trial before the 1st of August.
A merchant, who lately advertised in a clerk who could hear confinement, has been answered by one who has laid seven years in jail.
The Troy Steam-Boat Company have purchased the steam-boat *New-London*, which took her place in the line between Troy and New-York, on Monday last. Since the month of March she has been running between New-York and New-London.
The *Newark Eagle* states that a noble spoonful of spirit of Camphor is an infallible remedy against the fatal effects of drinking cold water in warm weather. Two instances have come to our knowledge in which death has been prevented by this means. Every house keeper should be provided with a phial of it at this season of the year.
It is stated in the *Milledgeville Recorder* that the Georgia Commissioners had returned from the Council held with the Indians at Broken Arrow. General Gaines had not been able to effect a reconciliation between the friendly and hostile Indians. They continued friendly to the white people, and manifested no disposition to be troublesome.
A gentleman in New-York, states, that on Friday week, he purchased a basket of eggs in market, which were placed in one of the following day, one of the eggs nearest the top, opened, and a chicken hopped out, which may be seen at his house No. 148 Fulton street.
The Secretary of War (Mr. Barbour) left Washington city on Saturday last, on his way to his domicile in Virginia.
A gentleman in Virginia has liberated 12 slaves, for the purpose of colonizing them in the Western Coast of Africa. A clergyman of North Carolina, has also liberated 21 men with the same intention.
Col. John Everett, of Boston, is about to establish a paper in that city, to the editorship of which Judge Story, Mr. Wallcut, and Professor Everett are to be contributors. This is truly a formidable combination of talents.
It is stated in the *Pittsburg Sun*, as a great day's work, that eight laborers, with one horse and one pair of horses, made on the 16th inst. at *Lansdowne bridge*, twenty thousand seven hundred and fifty-six bricks.
On the 10th instant, no less than 130 children are stated to have been buried in the French burying ground at Montreal. Their death was occasioned by diarrhoea and dysentery. Parents cannot be too careful in withholding unripe corn and fruits from their children during the continuance of the hot weather.
The agent for the Illinois Land Company offers for sale 153,000 acres of land in the counties of Jefferson, Indiana and Armstrong (Penn.) The price is \$5 per acre, payable in three years, namely, eight annual payments with interest after the second year.

